

It was Right at the Last.

A
F A R C E
O F
T W O A C T S.

By THOMAS HORDE, jun. Esq.

Author of LEANDER and HERO, and ZELIDA, Tragedies;
DAMON and PHEBE, an Opera; DRAMATIC LOVE, DISAP-
POINTED VILLAINY, The EMPIRICK, As the WORLD GOES,
The PARADISE of FOOLS, and, The PRETENDED PURITAN,
Entertainments.

— RARO ANTECEDENTEM SCELESTUM DESERUIT
PEDE POENA CLAUDO. HORACE.

O X F O R D:

Printed for, and sold by the AUTHOR, at the Grammar-School at
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PROLOGUE.

'MIDST all the race of men, the case is hard

In times like these, of each Theatric Bard.

Curs'd fate! professionally bound to please

Wits, Commentators, Fops, and Patentees;

His primal works are oft condemn'd for pelf

To rot and moulder on a dirty shelf:

Himself by readers or an audience driv'n,

While each slight fault is rank, and smells to heav'n.

With this sole comfort: — Thro' Life's Drama view

The various paths that different men pursue;

Thro' ev'ry scene each sev'ral station scan,

This acts the master, that enacts the man:

And that complaint will no relief procure,

Tb' ensuing tale will prove th' assertion sure.

" With loaded panniers, and with jaded feet,

" A pyebald Mule trudg'd thro' the public street,

" Panting beneath his vast encumb'ring load,

" His thankless Master plied the pungent goad.

" Wound follow'd wound, till the brisk heated blood

" Ran from the pores, a streaming purple flood;

" And as he travell'd on, in mending pace,

" Warm drops of sweat and tears bedew'd his face.

P R O L O G U E

*" At length, like Balaam's ass, he silence broke,
" Reason inform'd his mind, and thus he spoke: —*

*" Oh, wrathful Sir! for what long-standing grudge
" Dost thou now stimulate thy patient drudge;
" From morn to ev'ning 'tis my sole design
" To yield thee pleasure, and to profit thine.
" Thro' all the various seasons of the year,
" What loads I draw, what burdens do I bear!
" Greens, turnips, cauliflowers, brooms, or sand,
" Or whatsoe'er by chance may come to hand,
" Thro' rain, thro' snow, thro' sharp'ning frost I ply,
" When northern blasts transpierce the thick'ning sky.
" In summer solstice too, my toil's as great,
" To cope with parching drougth and sunny heat.
" And, since you my fidelity have tried,
" Sweet Heav'ns! why maim you thus my lab'ring hide?"*

*The Master, strutting in despotic state,
Cry'd, " I pursue the pattern of the Great;
" By fate, or chance, thou art become my Mule;
" To those more blest by lot, myself a tool.
" By some possess'd of wealth the poor must fall,
" For Strength still jostles Weakness to the wall.*

" His

P R O L O G U E.

" His Grace, or Lordship, by Ambition's pow'r
" Is urg'd to shine the meteor of an hour;
" At servile Levee does attention pay,
" To catch the reigning secret of the day:
" Yet scarcely can success his wishes crown,
" E'er his most sanguine prospect's driven down.
" And when we cast an eye o'er Nature's Page,
" Time drives on Youth, and Death drives on Old Age.
" It matters not who first this maxim plann'd,
" All now must kiss their master's reigning hand."

Readers, attend, and you will never fail
To learn the Application of the Tale:—
Bards are the bearers of dramatic load;
Yourselfes their masters, and your frowns the goad.
In this allow our Author timely breath,
Nor spur a willing animal to death.
Tho' sometimes stumbling, screen him from disgrace;
For he, by gentle usage, mends his pace.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

VOLUIT SENIOR, the true Lord, supposed dead.

VOLUIT JUNIOR, the usurping one.

WEALTHY, a Man of large Fortune,

GOODLY, his Nephew.

FOIST, a Lawyer.

ALLEGATION, a Tavern-Keeper.

PRACTICE, Steward to Voluit.

NATHAN, a blundering Servant to Voluit Senior,

Gentlemen, Constable, Watch, &c.

W O M E N.

GALATEA.

PRISCILLA.

VENTER, a Midwife.

Mrs. PRACTICE.

SCENE, — LONDON.



¶ Copies, if not approved of by the Literati, may, after a candid Perusal, be sent back clean, and any Compliment will be returned,

It was Right at the Last.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in a Tavern.*

Voluit Junior, sitting at a Table.

Voluit. **B**ESIDES this fleshly bulk of deformity on my shoulders, Nature has entailed on me an additional curse:—the gloomy misfortune of being born a younger brother. What have we here? A ticket for the masquerade! A modern scene of inconsistency and hypocrisy! There have I seen a circumcised Levite devour a whole Westphalia, and an intoxicated Muselman trundle down, through an enormous pair of whiskers, his third bottle of Burgundy. A fictitious nun is often represented by a prostitute, and a dreaming quaker by a cogger of dice, or a highwayman. All, however, change their vizors with their fancies, except a courtier, or a man of power and condition: they, Heaven knows! are *semper eadem*, and live in perpetual masquerade the whole year round.

Enter Wealthy.

Wealthy. So; have I found you quite cogitabund?—I thought that the spleen was a fashionable distemper; rather calculated for a fine Lady, or a man of an easy fortune.——You had a loss at the table last night, I suppose.—Was it a small slip, or a pretty decent tumble?

Voluit. It was out of the reach of fate to hurt me there.—My bad husbandry, or my natural planet, so contrived, that I had not a single sous to be stripped of.

Wealthy. Then mayst thou set each snare of the lurchers at defiance. But I have just now received a querulous epistle from a bemoaning damsel in the straw. Read, I prythee, and comment upon the contents.

Voluit reads. “ If there remains the least tittle of veracity in vows, integrity above, or reliance below, as yet may I give credit to *Wealthy*. Though I may smother my affection, I cannot the consequences of my frailty, from the prying curiosity of mankind. — Be tender therefore of my welfare; recollect your reiterated promises, and speed to the immediate succour of the much-injured
HARRIOT.”

Wealthy. The tender, billing, tormenting Harriot! Who ever heard such a rhapsody of cooing fondness and credulity! Speed to her immediate succour! ha, ha, ha! Who the devil wou’d come nigh a woman in her situation, except Dr. Still-born, or some other Gentleman in a similar branch of business?—You may put the letter in your pocket.

Voluit. Why should you put so much confidence in me?—You know that no arcanum is safe with me if it’s once seasoned with scandal.

Wealthy. For that very motive I trust thee with it; I know thee for a walking advertiser, and will make it publick in every brothel in the town.

Voluit. Those are modish haunts I never now frequent. I shall never be able to look any woman with any moderate assurance in the face again, above the stile of my laundress.

Wealthy. I can hardly think you will long adhere to this your new-fangled opinion.

Voluit. Why should I alter it? — A hump upon my back, and a small patrimony consumed, have levelled my spirit with the vilest mansions of intrigue. Was I
any

any other lord besides what my misfortunes have christened me, an annual estate of some thousands would make my person as strait as the nicest line in geometry. But I must now put your amity to the test.—I must own it flutters my sensibility to beg the loan of a hundred pieces.

Wealthy. But what would you do with them?

Voluit. That's easily determined :—But this I assure you, I cannot tell what to do without them.

Wealthy. Sir—Sir—Sir,—There is a great dearth of money, and a clear plausibility of being a greater.—I heard yesterday a Parliament Man hint something about a pole-tax.—I fear three tenants have broke upon my ground, having removed all their stock and implements of husbandry in the night; my sisters husbands are in trade, and are very importunate for the principal of their portions.—If you can tell me where I can borrow ten thousand pounds on bond or land security, I am ready to treat immediately. *[Exit.]*

Voluit. The icicles of winter hang upon my fortunes, and the shivering swallows will desert me. James.—

[Enter Servant.] —

Take this silver to Mr. Allegation, and let his sweet corpulent person be introduced with a flask of Florence. *[Exit servant.]* — How pleasantly am I situated? Whims in my head, palpitations in my heart, and an absolute vacuum in my pocket.—My landlord has ev'ry token of a generous fellow: a liberal face, an ingenuous appearance, a prominent belly, and an open disposition; — I fancy he's warm; — I'll try if he'll bleed freely.

Enter Allegation with wine, meeting a Servant.

Servant. Sir, the Gentleman in the Fountain find fault with this liquor; and swear that it is thick and ropy. *[Apart to Allegation.]*

Allegation,

Allegation. Draw another bottle of the same, and say that you have pierc'd a new butt, [*Exit Servant.* Well, Mr. Voluit, I have brought you such a glass of unadulterated Red, as shall out-stain and out-smell a raspberry.

Voluit. You will fairly, and without the least reserve, answer me this question; What opinion do you impartially entertain of me?

Allegation. Why, I think you the most liberal Gentleman, and the finest customer, that ever entered the Salutation inn; and as your Worship and connexions have been a chief prop in the business, I'd stretch to the utmost length of my tether to oblige you.

Voluit. Why, thus then it stands with me at present:—coin runs short; and I entreat you to serve me with the loan of two hundred pieces.

Allegation. I could as soon conjure up two thousand demons to dance in a magic circle. Alack, Sir! I always was fearful how your bad management would end,—I imagin'd ten pieces too great a sum for a basin of liquid spicery from a Chinese bird's-nest, and the fulsome favours of an actress too dearly bought at the expence of a Bank Note.—I advise you to adventure abroad in a privateer; and if successful, you are again welcome to my house till your prize-money is all spent. At present I hope you'll dispense with credit and attendance; I know your father, and would by no means be instrumental to the destruction of his son. [*Exit.*]

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, I am very sorry to be the messenger of bad news.

Voluit. If 'tis bad, you must not call it news; for it is no novelty, I'll assure you.

Servant. My Lord, your father being seized with an apoplexy—

Voluit. Is dead!

Servant. He is—and died suddenly.

Voluit.

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Voluit. Necessity! thou fertile nurturer of the brain, I'll adore thee for thy temporary assistance! — Tell Mrs. Venter. —

Servant. She's now below, Sir; just come from the labour of the Countess of Embryo, and recruiting her spirits with a harmless sip of burnt Coniac. I'll send her up. [Exit.]

Voluit. This caitiff has aided me to supplant my brother in his love; and may now be the tool to aid me in the divesting him of his estate. [Enter Venter.] Thou essence of iniquity and design! thou art aptly come. My old dad is ripe for his coffin, my elder brother not as yet inform'd of it, is ripe for deception, and I, lamenting o'er my exhausted finances, am ripe for the family title and estate. I have two objects before my eyes. — I must either be a Nobleman or a Pauper.

Venter. The first choice is best. But I have lately known several people that are both at the same time.

Voluit. I could wish my elder brother in that situation: he is now in Holland, and is daily expected here to revisit his native clime.

Venter. Pshaw! He must be dead according to my account, whether he is alive or no. — He must be shot by a Burgomaster at Rotterdam in attempting a rape upon his daughter. A letter in the presence of Mr. Practice, directed to your father, may avail much. This steward of your's is so wavering betwixt Vice and Integrity, that a little persuasion, or a less bribe, will settle him where you please. Suppose the true Lord should come? I'll send you my kinsman, who shall make a convenient will, and gain you eleven points of the law by possession: as to Galatea, she is a family appendix, and entailed in course on the title. If you rob your brother of his fortune, 'twill be charity to ease him of the incumbrance of a mistress.

Voluit. And to keep her literally so. Why should any one make such a pother about a favour that is bestowed with so little difficulty?

Venter.

Venter. Because it can't be recovered by law or nature. Where, pray, is that idle scrowl you received to-day from Mr. Wealthy.

Voluit. Posted on the exchange to excite laughter in a dull, formal Spaniard, or to relax the rigid muscles of a Fanatic.

Venter. Bless me! I shall fall into a fit. I generally carry about me a sip of Orange Brandy, or cordial waters, upon these occasions. [*Drinks.*]

Voluit. I was only jocose. There's the letter, and you may apply it to what use you think proper. [*Exit.*]

Venter. So, I can safely affirm that there is not one creature in the universe more useful in her generation than myself. I have helped more women to pregnancies, and afterwards delivered them, than any one she within the circle of the city.

[*Enter Wealthy.*]

Ah, Mr. Wealthy! Poor Harriot is very far gone; and her misfortune——

Wealthy. Began with credulity and me; and as you are professionally a midwife, ought to end with the ceremony of travail and you. But this I assure you is a trite musty subject, alack! the dear Priscilla.

Venter. Alack! She's very beautiful. But why so barbarous to poor Harriot? Why will you not marry her?

Wealthy. My conscience will not permit me; for before I knew her, I promised the same good office to fifty more of her sex. Besides, she was false to her first vows. She swore, while single, she would never grant me the last favour; and yet she broke her word.

Venter. Well, poor thing, she is very awkwardly situated. She has an earnest fancy for almost every thing that she sees. One day she longs for a larded turkey-pout, and the next for a pupton of quinces. Sometimes she pines for sweet-breads, at other times for a pyramid of sweetmeats. Her cousins, imputing it to illness of another

ther nature, have sent her a plate of ruffs and a couple of boiled mullets; and her whimsical nicety is come to such a pass, that if I do not directly procure her a pottage santé, I believe the lovely child will certainly miscarry.

Wealthy. Come, come, the puling girl shall be considered.—I have instructed her in a business, and if she sets up upon her own bottom, I'll ensure her encouragement. I can prudently recommend a young beginner when I've had a sample of her goods.—But if you'll serve me on this other occasion, I'll set her up without any counterband trade, and furnish her with a necessary help-mate to take care of the stock:—in short, a husband. I have a nephew who has mortgaged his lands to me for cash, to furnish him for a military campaign; Goodly by name.

Venter. Odsbuds! — A bantling brought to light by these lightsome officiating hands: he came into them just as plump as Mr. Alderman Paunch departing from a venison feast.—He shall be the man! The Lady shall go off a little abruptly to visit a sick aunt in the country.

Wealthy. And at her return to London, shall be patched up for a vestal.

Venter. So much for that.—I know Priscilla; and intercede for Mr. Voluit in the same family.

Wealthy. And what reward can you possibly expect from poverty and despair. Observe the sequel of giving twenty guineas to a foreign poisoner, vulgarly called a cook, for the secret of forcing sturgeon with vipers tails, or for making a sauce of sparrows brains to a dish of Flemingo tongues?

Venter. Whatever service he may do me, thro' him, I declare, I've capitally been of service to you: I've recovered poor Harriot's letter which your indiscretion trusted him with. It would have been a fine stroke of policy had it come into your nephew's clutches.

Wealthy. Craftily devised! Be the woman his, but not

not the letter. Let him in one of his martial excursions take her abroad, and I'll warrant her as fine a baggage as ever was introduced to a pitched field of battle. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Voluit Junior, Practice, and his Wife.

Voluit. Oh, my poor father! Alas! compounded with his original dust. My sorrows will have way —

[*Aside.*] Every tear teems with an Egyptian crocodile.

Practice. I understand, Sir, that the present Lord is a very rigid master.

Voluit. Too much so. And if he will not reward a man of your merit, it is meritorious in you while the staff is in your own hands to reward yourself.

Mrs. Practice. You are too conscientious, my dear. Was it conscience that purchased the Duke of Feeble's steward that pretty neat villa at Paddington; and do you imagine all his wife's aprons and ruffles are worked in the Court of Conscience? If it would create me a Duchess in my own right, I'd be a child of conscience myself.

Voluit. They will be fit instruments for my design.
[*Aside.*] I wish, without disparaging my brother, I could assist you.

Mr. Practice. Ah, Sir! was the lot your's, you would be too much of a man of vogue to meddle with your own affairs.

Voluit [*aside.*] Then, like many other men of vogue, in a short time I should have no affairs to meddle with.

Enter Servant.

Servant. A Letter from Holland, directed to the late Lord Voluit.

Mr. Practice. Pray peruse the contents, as this Gentleman seems too much affected to read the letter.

Voluit [*aside.*] I've nought to do with these people but to fill them with promises, which amongst great folks are brittle as China ware. — A modern Nobleman told me once, that he would never see me in want, and he strictly kept his word; for, afterwards finding I was reduced to extremity, he would never see me at all.

Practice reads. "I am sorry to tell you, that your son, my late friend, in an attempt upon the chastity of a burgomaster of Rotterdam's daughter was shot dead upon the spot."

Mrs. Practice. I shall adore the name of a burgomaster of Rotterdam as long as I exist.

Voluit. Heav'n's will be done! A father and a brother! [*Aside.*] I'll contrive a new-peeled onion under my handkerchief on the next lucky occasion. *Mr. Practice*, the old coach-harners, heavy horses, &c. after a few months shall in course devolve on you.

Practice. Blessings attend your bounty, and the Dutch burgomaster at Rotterdam!

Enter Foist.

Foist, slowly to *Voluit*. My aunt Venter has let me into your deep concerted plan.—Is your steward staunch and unprincipled?

Voluit. He has been closely founded, and is found to be solid. Have you law enough in your skull to put a man in possession of an estate who has got an elder brother abroad?—If I can have it by law, it matters not as to the justice of the case. I wish to found my claim on the firmest title. The seniority, honour, and integrity, I'll yield to him; and only take possession of a few dirty acres, as my only poor right and property.

Foist. His land was a donative fee-simple, and I have drawn up a will and testament in which he has bequeathed every inch to you.

Voluit. But how shall we get it authenticated?

Foist. Leave that to me. There is a great scarcity of vegetation and perjury. I expect a cargo of false evidence and potatoes by the next fair wind from Ireland. I warrant you we'll find somebody to swear to his last dying speech and confession.

Voluit. But he dy'd in a fit, and did not speak at all.

Foist. Ay; but we'll make him speak.

Voluit. Make him speak! What, extort words when the tongue has ceased motion?

Foist.

Foist. The easiest thing imaginable. It is very usual for people in our cast to make a clay-cold corse utter.

Voluit. You seem conversant in every rhetorical flower in the English language; I'll give you five shiners for every syllable expressed to my advantage.

Foist. Zounds! Sir, half the money would make all the carcases in St. Paul's Church-yard speak in heroic verse.

Practice [*aside.*] Right or wrong, I know who I must serve now, if I intend to serve myself.—Mr. Foist I'll shew you the names of his Lordship's respective manors, and the titles by which they are held. Some few affairs are a little out of joint, and a small number of acres are quite clogged and bemired; the original writings are rather dusty, and gone to Moses Harpy's to be cleaned.

Mrs. Practice. But how will this *will* stand firm in law?

Voluit [*aside.*] If impudence will make it so, this lawyer is sure to succeed; for, like the Indian in Addison, he may safely say, — “I'm all face.”

Foist. These, I say, shall be the last words that ever came out of his mouth: — “*This my last will and testament I leave in the hands of Practice, my steward, being fully confident in his strict zeal and fidelity.*”

Voluit. But who can produce any proof of the affair?

Foist. Why, if the body is still in the coffin, my Lord shall speak as yet. The expressions must be set down on a slip of paper, thrust into his mouth, and so taken out again: if these are not his last words, I am marvellously astonished indeed.

Voluit. But is not this rather an insult to the dead?

Foist. Insult, Sir! What insult can there be in ramming a scrip of writing paper betwixt a dead man's jaws?

Practice. My Lord, I have a son, a most profligate rogue; he drinks like a fish, swears like a trooper, and enables every female culprit to have a jury of matrons impaneled: I find there is a vacant Lieutenantcy in Col. Spontoon's

Spontoon's company, which he would gladly join, and be sent packing to America.

Voluit. Has he ever figured in any martial department?

Practice. He has served a little time in the militia: he is qualified for harrassing, and loves fatigue; for he beats the rounds every night, and frequently sleeps in the watch-house.

Voluit. He shall be taken care of. But as you espouse my welfare, attend Mr. Foist. A family testimonial will tell to some advantage. [*Exit Practice.*] Hum! — This Lawyer, with his Hibernian witnesses, if they escape the famous pirate, Paul Jones, and the privateers, will yield him ten pounds a finger of every hand of them. But what am I about to do? To turn a flagrant pattern of injustice even to those caitiffs that wink and encourage the deed. — It is but self-defence, frail Nature's eldest law. — Mankind have broke all tender ties with me. — But still a brother. — Why, what of that! Cain and Abel were sworn inveterate foes. — Surely this sensibility was never given me for a torment? My faculties call aloud for pleasure, and every sense shall be gratified. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

The Park.

Enter Galatea and Priscilla.

Priscilla. Sweet cousin Galatea be blithe and airy; peace to the gentle shade of the dead Lord! and hail his living successor! Send to your wooer that he is now a nobleman; and your frankness will tell him, that you have now no manner of objection of becoming my Lady Voluit.

Galatea. Upon honour, my dear, I'm eaten up with the spleen.

B

Priscilla.

Priscilla. Then we'll talk of business that does not belong to us, in order to amuse it. — When saw you poor Harriot?

Galatea. Very lately; and she was amazingly dull. Wealthy saw her in the Park, and slighted her; and his very servant laughed at it. What can she do?

Priscilla. Nothing of any importance this next three quarters of a year. He has made professions to me, and my uncle thinks them serious. But here comes Mr. Goodly, another of my modern admirers. If the list of my gallants encrease, I shall soon at this rate have a longer roll than even Penelope or Helen. [*Goodly advances softly.*]

Galatea. Why, Captain, though a soldier, you seem to dread every object but the foe.

Goodly. I am sufficiently authorized so to do. The foe rests contented with a contusion, or at most with a broken limb; but in the combat with a fair Lady's eye, I risk nothing less than my grand citadel of life.

Priscilla. There are no preparations made for an assault of that kind, I'll assure you.

Goodly. But if it has been stormed already and captured —

Priscilla. Then the Prisoner with his property entire, and all the honours of war, may quit the garrison unmolested.

Galatea. Cousin, I find the prisoner is making very pleasant terms of capitulation; and is in great hopes that he shall at last come off with flying colours. — This is making his addressee to a romantic virgin *en militaire*.

Priscilla. The Park is an improper place for the exhibition of a new Don Quixote in love. Adieu, Sir; and when you find your Dulcinea del Toboso in an enchanted castle, you may prepare your scaling ladders for her deliverance.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Enter

Enter Wealthy.

Wealthy. Have you sped, nephew, which of those rosiate seraphs has planted her artillery at your heart?

Goodly. *She that has been very successful in her batteries aim ;
The fair Priscilla has caught the flame :—
My heart is vacant, and she shall fill the place.*

Wealthy. So, so! A martial inamorato in heroics. Ten shillings a day, and the profits of a company, are insufficient stakes to set upon so high a prize.—You may think this an unwholesome doctrine: but I drop this secret *item* in your ear, that her cherub smiles are not to be purchased by a mere idle bagatelle. Two hundred pounds in the sterling coin of Great Britain——

Goodly. To my certain knowledge, and lucid conviction, she is now in possession of two thousand in the Bank of England.

Wealthy. Phshaw! She has been complimented with two hundred, as a premium for value received.

Goodly. Wounds and thunder! A compliment for value received! How!—by whom!—when!—or where!

Wealthy. A couple of Bank Notes, of a hundred each, tossed into her apron, inclosed in a Morocco pocket-book.

Goodly. I'm enveloped in a mist of ænigmas.

Wealthy. Perfectly my own case. To expect two thousand from a progeny of fortune, must be a conclusion that he has discovered the famed Rosicrusian liquid.

Goodly. I would be understood to signify her marriage dowry.

Wealthy. 'Sdeath! Does the gale fan from that quarter? A supple, cringing, doating youth, not twenty-four, is culled from her train of dupes to nothing less than wedlock. Whosoever has as many crimes as she has foibles and contrivances, is likely to die as vile a death as the most infamous culprit that ever made his exit in a Tyburn ligament.

Goodly. I am near beside myself!

Wealthy. You would have been completely so before the expiration of the honey-moon, had you wedded the woman in question. She's a snug villa I have bid up for; and I desire you will not take the tenement over my head.

Goodly. 'Tis an habitation, if it answers to your description, whose premises I shall never take upon a long lease, I assure you.

Wealthy. Bravely determined. I'll settle you in a mansion, better and more elegantly furnished.—The blooming Harriot has seen you at the Inns of Court.—You, Nephew, have studied the Graces; and she has eyes, interest at the Board of Ordnance, and rhino in abundance.—The method of succeeding in an amour with one woman, is to couple prudently with another.

Goodly. My welfare and reputation are both in your hands, and I submit myself implicitly to your Directions.

[Exit.]

Wealthy. Which unite you to my fulsome Harriot, and supplant you in the pursuit of your mistress.—The anatomists may say what they will of the structure of bodies; but I swear there is not one particle of mine that owns not the doctrine of Epicurus. Stoicism, indeed, has upborn its votaries in misery and want, but plenitude breaks down the very pales of patience, and sets its controul at defiance.

[Exeunt.]

4 AP 54

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

Voluit Senior. MY father dead, myself reported slain, my brother under the umbrage of an usurped title, now wallows in riot and iniquity. But soft, Galatea with her radiant form, through each meandering of my tedious travels, has been the attractive magnet of my way.

Enter Nathaniel with a Portmanteau, throws it down, and sits on it.

Hoa! Fellow Traveller, you'll disturb the smooth œconomy of the portmanteau by the mere weight of your carcase.

Nathaniel. I am in a violent passion with it, and am resolved it shall feel the force of my resentment; I've borne it till I'm fatigued, and I'll now keep it under, and make it patient enough to bear me. Bless me! I snuff the steams of an *hotel des repas*; and I find my stomach equally prepared for a cow-heel or a turbot.

Voluit Sen. Was this fellow to emigrate from Baffin's Bay to Japan, he would never be able to shake off his gluttony or his blunders. Thou wouldst never be entirely satisfied till thy intestines are crammed to thy gullet.

Nat. 'Sbuds, my Lord! they are at a very respectable distance, and not a single morsel betwixt them.

Enter Voluit Junior, attended.

Voluit Sen. Who have we here, some thoughtless Macaroni, just arrived at a very large estate, racking his invention for the grand arcanum of speedily reducing himself to want? Pr'ythee enquire his name.

Nat. to Servant. Make a low bow for me to your master, and ask him, if he knows, to send me word what his name is.

Servant. I shall save myself more than half the trouble; it is young Lord Voluit, who, by the death of a father and elder brother, is entered upon his estate and title.

[*Exeunt Voluit Junior and Servant.*]

Voluit. What sounds are those?

Nathaniel. Only what you've heard before. It is the blast of fame that sounds the tidings of your decease, and you had better send word to the undertaker to make preparation for your funeral.

Voluit Sen. Can that certainly be my brother?

Nat. Nothing more or less than the same man. I knew him perfectly, after I was told so by the servant.

Voluit. I'll pursue him, and be convinced by the clearest evidence of my senses.

Nat. Be upon your guard, Master; they believe you dead, and may perchance be so bold as to murder to you.

[*Exit Voluit.*]

Enter Foist and Practice.

Foist. So, you will not testify the validity of the will?

Practice. I cannot, unless I stifle the awful warnings of my conscience.

Foist. That is what in this case you have not the least concern with. If there is any dispute, it will be tried by the form of common law, and not in a court of conscience.

Practice. Well, Sir, this may pass current with you. A finesse of this kind is an appertaining badge of your calling. You have cash in hand, and may hire witness either to swear retail by the job, or wholesale by the quarter. I would recommend dispatch; for I'm told that the real Lord, or his apparition, was lately seen in London.

Foist. Then doubtless it was his apparition; for a Lord without a fortune, is only the shadow of a Nobleman. Come, I'll make a shift without you. There are many needy Gentlemen with straws in their shoes, that have no objection to a bribe.

Practice.

Prælice. I can only wish you success. [*Exit.*]

Foist. Ha! Here's a genius that has famine and Tyburn in his countenance, and may sell, if he has one remnant of integrity left, that simple remains for a dinner. What have you here, Friend?

Nathaniel. Nothing.

Foist. Do you call a portmanteau nothing?

Nat. Whatever I call it,—I call it nothing for you.

Foist. The fellow has wagery and humour.

Nat. True: 'tis a family gift. My great grandfather composed a book of jests, and published them in long metre.

Foist. If a family of poets, I conclude it to be a family of poverty. But, pray, in this busy city what may be the scheme of your subsistence?

Nat. By eating when I can get food, and by sleeping when I can get none.

Foist. But by what method will you prevent the cravings of nature?

Nat. I'll fall to before I've an appetite, and drink before I'm thirsty.

Foist aside. A very pleasant simpleton. You seem a man of parts, but entirely unacquainted with the town. If you'll cross the street to the Bunch of Grapes, I'll treat you with a meal and a bottle.

Nat. With all my heart: but I've the craft of a reynard; and if your grapes be sour, I shall curse them most confoundedly. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Lord Voluit's House.

Enter Voluit Junior and Foist.

Voluit Jun. Arrived, and in a close conference with Galatea? This Goodly too, disproves the story of my brother's death. Oh, Foist! cudgel thy pate into some stratagem to obstruct his direct approach.

Foist. My Lord, I ordered the Swiss porter to give admittance to none but foreigners and familiar faces.— An attorney, with all his chicanery, dreads a right cause in an opposite party, as a mate of a trading vessel does the penetration of a Custom-house officer. He has seen Galatea, and all our motions are watched by herself and engines.

Voluit Jun. What think you as to our security?

Foist. Why, let him come; I've fixed some officers of justice closely at hand, if he should happen to be loud and refractory.

Enter Voluit Senior.

Voluit Junior. Welcome, dear brother, to your native soil.

Voluit Senior. A respectful distance, Sir! Thou art the prince of stratagems;—a designing villain!—

Voluit Jun. Concise, and full of matter, like the fan of an elegant tasty female, that carries the whole universe geographically pictured on its mount. Finding you amongst the quick, in spite of a babbling rumour, I now restore your borrowed title, and hail you here, my Lord.

Voluit Sen. I ask not leave to claim my right hereditary. Tell the steward to discharge the Swiss porter, and all the lazy vermin of my hall.

Voluit Jun. Hark'ee, my Lord, it is a very delicate point for any man to interfere in my domestic concerns.

Voluit Sen. Your domestic concerns! Vile wretch! to plot not only against my life and fortune, but still to wound me in so dear a point, as rival me in Love.

Foist. The Lady, Sir, is a convenient tenement, an appendage that goes with the family estate, which being entirely in your father's breast, is left under *signum & sigillum* to your younger brother.

Voluit Sen. I have letters of a very new date from that worthy deceased man, who expresses his dislike to my return, for fear of the malice and iniquity of that daw-plumed villain.

Foist.

Foist. Those are no confirmations in a court of justice against our established testimony.

Voluit Sen. Pray, Sir, who honours me with this address?

Foist. No one, I'll assure you, but a worthy limb of the law.

Voluit Sen. Thou art a canker, or a crawling insect in it; nurtured in the sores, and fostered in the gangrene that produced thee. — The laws of Britain, like her queen of trees, at first extended every bough to yield its umbrage to all reposed beneath its goodly shade. But now, like you, a troop of locusts swarm on every twig, till the tall oak, which long was green and flourished, sheds now its baneful influence on those below.

Foist. As to this censure I remain unshaken. We have witnesses sufficient to authenticate the dying words of the late Peer. But as the cause is out of court, my client's evidence shall not be cross-examined.

Voluit Sen. As to any chicanery of that nature, I profess a defection of skill, as well as a want of inclination. — [*Exit Foist, and re-enters with Nathaniel.*]

Foist. My Lord, here is a glaring instance of a clear and positive conviction.

Voluit Jun. Perdition to my pinioned expectations! It is either the cozenage of my eyes, or my brother's own domestic.

Voluit Sen. I am divided in amazement betwixt the notoriety of the fact, and the whimsical incident of its detection! Sure 'tis a pleasing slumber!

Nat. No such thing as a slumber. You'll find yourself pleased to be awake. — These guineas are broad awake; for I've held a discourse with them these three hours.

Voluit Jun. Thou shadow of a shade! Thou bubble of a code! [*Aside to Foist.*] Had I seen this wight before, we had surely sped.

Foist. I supposed him too simple to mar our keen design.

Nat.

Nat. I am sometimes a fool, and now and then a knave, just as my conveniency serves me.

Voluit Sen. Gram mercy, brother! By that sweet tender tie, you planned my ruin; and in regard to that once much-loved name, I sign and seal remission.

Foist. I have yet one military manœuvre left. 'Tis a stale piece of Generalship: nought better or worse than a snug party in ambush.

Enter Venter.

Venter. In the cause of justice I'm no longer dumb. — I, by the late Lord's corruption, exchanged the twins: the beauteous youth is the younger, and in this hump is the true right of eldership.

Foist. Will you take your oath of it before any Master of Chancery?

Venter. I will this very week.

Nat. Then I hope the next you'll be stoned to death in the pillory.

Voluit Sen. I will be no longer fooled. Either quit your pretensions, or otherwise defend them like a man. [*Draws.*]

Voluit Jun. A very welcome determination. I'm all in motion, and every vein and artery is inflated with seniority. [*Fight.*]

Nat. If they both fall in the duel, what signifies which lives to enjoy the estate.

Foist. Help! help! A man of rank is fallen upon by an assassin, and that in his own habitation.

Enter Goodly, as a Constable, with four others.

Goodly aside. The plot was luckily detected. Under this counterfeit garb shall I rescue my friend from penury, and restore the first fruits of his birth-right. [*They disarm Voluit Senior.*]

Voluit Jun. Take heed, Mr. Constable, the poor unhappy sufferer is in a high delirium; beware he does not bite you, as his saliva is deadly, beyond the power of
of

of sea-water to cure. He fancies my house, furniture, and fortune to be his own; and has made an assault on my person.

Nat. If salt water will cure scoundrels, here is great need of a ducking-stool.

Foist. An attack upon a Member of the Upper House, *vi & armis*.

Voluit Senior. Was there ever an imposition of so gross a complexion!

Foist. This is only the mere effect of a wild disarranged imagination. Away with your prisoners, and dispose of them according to order. [*Exit Constable with Prisoners.*]

Voluit Jun. Thou darling Sybil, with thy mystic leaves, art thou a true diviner? Am I the first-born son?

Venter. I have no knack at a prophecy; every syllable I uttered is a downright palpable lie.—I was hid in that closet to save and support you at a pinch. Falsehood gets you the possession.

Foist. And that will purchase law, which being united to finesse and corruption, may beget a right and title to a fair estate.

Voluit Jun. You have my thanks, Mrs. Venter. But as you are not of a cameleon breed, you cannot subsist upon such very slender diet.—Mr. Foist, you will draw up a charge of three hundred pounds a year upon the family estate, and I'll sign it in favour of this Lady, as a satisfactory provision for life.

Foist. I'll instantly about it.—It is too much for one. I'll see if in this scrowl I cannot provide for a couple. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Venter. Bless your Lordship!—This Foist is grown up a very dextrous youth. You would hardly think whose child he is?

Voluit Jun. A very pertinent remark. 'Tis a wise son, says the proverb, that knows his own father.

Venter. He springs from Mr. Daniel's, the wealthy Jew, who, after he tarried with me some time, was resolved

solved to have him circumcised; but I thought it a very bloody custom, had him baptized, instructed him in the Pilgrim's Progress, and John Bunyan's Visions; and having made him a pious Christian, I articted him to an attorney for practice.

Voluit Jun. A very proper seminary to improve his moral virtue. But, sweet Mrs. Go-between, step that way, and I'll give you a taste of an aromatic cordial that will cheer you in the drugery of your business. [*Exit Venter.*]

Voluit Jun. A very pleasing temporary riddance.

Enter Goodly, as Constable.

Goodly. I am sorry to be the messenger of ill news, my Lord.

Voluit Jun. What news! Has the prisoner eluded your vigilance?

Goodly. Still something worse. — [*Aside.*] If we can draw him from this lurking place, and give my Noble Friend possession, this rascal's claim will be void.

Voluit Jun. Something worse! Then I'm sure it must be very bad indeed.

Goodly. His worldly concerns are finished. He is departed life.

Voluit Jun. What, quite dead, and gone beyond recovery!

Goodly. As pale as an apparition, and as stiff as a new-made Gentleman. He ill could brook the loss of liberty. I only stepped to the next street for a few lavender drops, and I found him hanging in his garters.

Voluit Jun. There fled the soul of fortitude itself! Utica may boast a Cato, Africa a Hannibal, and Britain its Voluit Senior. — But pray, Mr. Constable, can I see the corpse?

Goodly. By all means, my Lord. I have it in a room below. But may I advise you'll avoid the sudden shock. — There is a martial rakehell, one Goodly, who, I am sorely afraid, will bully, hector, and swear the
very

very house down. I told him he should pay for his oaths. He smote me on the right cheek, and said, he was an Officer in the army, and had a commission to wench, drink, and swear for the good of the service.

Voluit Jun. Ay, ay; one of those needy wretches that Government pays daily hire, and are often mentioned in a newspaper, for no other reason than being knocked on the head.

Goodly. He calls you behind your back an abandoned caitiff; and swears when next he sets sight on you he'll go through the chirurgical operations of flitting your windpipe.

Voluit Jun. He must be limited then as to his power. The Inquest of the Coroner will bring in this dangling circumstance, a *non se ipse*: but I must beg to be excused my attendance.

Goodly. My Lord, your company may be dispensed with. [Exit.]

Voluit Jun. Now, who is the eldest? What a heap of polite connections.—My father contorts his face, and dies in an apoplexy.—My brother makes a wry countenance, and expires a pendulum in his garters. We may take the embargo off the door, as there is no suspicion of the heir.

Enter Servant.

Servant. My Lord, a footman in a pink and yellow livery, attends for your direct answer to this letter.

Voluit Jun. Nothing arrived, I hope, from the pleasant side of the Styx. [Opens the letter.] Music and necromancy in the very shape of each letter! [Reads.]
 “ I rejoice to hear of the lucky change of your situation, and
 “ invite your Lordship this evening to pay my compliments on
 “ the occasion. GALATEA.”

Zounds! this Venter is undoubtedly an enchantress. She said that the wind was veering, and it is now settled on a snug point of the compass.—My carriage there
in

in an instant. I'll wait on my soft, half-meeting charmer, with all the outward pomp, and diffimulation of a Nabob within me.—Whoever fancies he has found out a nearer way to outwit an elder brother, let him shew it to posterity, if he can. *Exit.*

SCENE, — *A Street.*

Enter Goodly and Nathaniel, with a Lanthorn.

Goodly. We are past the Constables house; you have led me out of the road.

Nathaniel. 'Slife, Master! I was never out of my road. Unfortunate Nat. was bred and born a vagabond from his mother's womb.

Goodly. What a violent scream on the other side of the way! It seems to be a female's voice.

Nat. Some pretty lass in distress that has no mind to be assisted. [*Cry within.*] Murder! fire! thieves! rape! vengeance!

Goodly. In the King's name open the door, or I'll force it. [*To the croud without.*] I command your assistance in the King's name; I have heard the cry of murder.

Venter above at a window.

Venter. Who makes a riot there below?

Nathaniel. Who makes a racket there above?

Venter. Only a poor creature in travail.

[*Cry within.*] Help! help! help! A rape! a rape! a rape!

Goodly. So you will give us no Admission?

Nat. If you cannot get at them, you may set the place a fire, and they'll come out to us in course.

Goodly. If I can't get in by fair means, I'll use my privilege, and enter *vi & armis.* [*Exit, with mob.*

The

The SCENE changes to within the House.

Enter Goodly, Nathaniel, &c.

Goodly. Search distinctly every hole and corner; I'm sure that I am not unacquainted with that voice.

Nat. You may know it was a strong voice by its making such a loud calling.

Enter Priscilla, dishevelled, and breathless.

Priscilla. Oh, Mr. Constable! had you not come at the nick of time, the very next minute had seen my utter ruin. I was endowed with strength preternatural, or I had fallen a martyr to his vile, inordinate inclination. Here comes the mistress of this private stew, the shameless harlot that entrapped me here.

Enter Nathaniel, pulling in Venter.

Nat. By my soul, good Master, the garrison's took, and I'm getting the share of the plunder. Let me squint a bit.—The same lying closetted jade that wanted to swear my master out of his birth-right. However, by the laws of arms, I have a power to search my prisoner.—Bless me! here is nought but some foul papers, perhaps, from a scouting party. [*Pulls out some writings.*]

Goodly. Hand them hither, they may stand in some stead.—For Mr. Wealthy—Does an arrow glance to that quarter?

Priscilla. Wealthy is his name who made an attempt upon my honour.

Goodly. Ha! Whose hand is this?—Perdition!—To Harriot.—My bride, and his harlot! Paint to yourselves a trembling culprit at the fatal tree, whom quick reprieve confounds with sudden joy, then cast your eyes on me. Had I not been thus disguised, Priscilla endangered, and this scrawl not been discovered, what pangs would have ensued?—Nathaniel, look
to

to these women, and treat them according to their different characters.

Nat. Had we been a minute later, there had not been a pin to chuse. *[Exit, with women.]*

Enter Wealthy.

Wealthy. Constable, I'm a Magistrate, you may depart, and leave your prisoners to my care.—*[Aside.]* I have not lately succeeded by cash, perchance I may have better luck by authority.

Goodly. The prisoners may be discharged anon at your desire; and as you are a Justice, may I beg your private ear.

Wealthy. If you doubt my being a Magistrate——

Goodly. I'm perfectly satisfied. If you will give your opinion in a case of my own, I'll leave no stone unturned to obliged you.

Wealthy. Let your point in view be propounded.

Goodly. I decoyed a neighbour's daughter, under pretence of wedlock, and she is now almost in the straw; but as I have changed my mind, am I thoroughly obligated to perform my promise.

Wealthy. You certainly are. If she is not pregnant, you are bound to marry her by the rule of equity; if she is, by justice, and the written laws of your country.

Goodly. If it be law.—I found a letter here, directed for yourself.

Wealthy. Oh, Heavens! How came it here?

Goodly. By a chance, strange as providential. Harriot here avows you promised wedlock.—I should take it for granted, that what is equity or right in the humble department of a peace officer, may be exactly the same in the illustrious sphere of a Justice. As to this other Lady that made such a vehement squalling——was I brought before you for a rape, I should be plagued with your clerk and a mittimus.

Wealthy. The Lady is as cold as ice, and as chaste as Diana for me.

Goodly.

Goodly. I was not easy till I pumped for this secret, and am now heartily contented.

Wealthy. You seem overbearing to the higher powers; I can't approve of your conduct.

Goodly. You will less approve of me upon a nearer acquaintance.—In your teeth, villain!—I have a weapon here.—Defend yourself.

Wealthy. Thou art a scandal to my steel. But if thou dost court death, receive it from a masterly swordsman. [*Wealthy is disarmed.*] Sirrah! return my weapon, or I'll straitway commit thee for so plain and flagrant an insult on one of the Quorum.

Goodly. Stript of these borrowed robes you'll loath my person; and if alive to shame, this steel will seem less poignant to your breast, than to your sight can my much-injured form.

Wealthy. I'm mute with guilt and amazement. Name your own terms for my pardon.

Goodly. I'll take you at your word. Ask forgiveness of Priscilla, and marry the neglected Harriot, and let all animosities be entombed in the gulf of oblivion.

Wealthy. Your conditions are unreasonably rigorous.

Goodly. Not equally so with those you wished to impose on me.—If vows from man to his own sex are coercive, why not to our fellow-creatures of much more feeble texture.

Wealthy. Restore my weapon.

Goodly. 'Tis an unjust demand. In your hand it is the tool of riot and oppression, in mine the needful instrument of equity and right.

Wealthy. Then mollify your conditions, or hide it in my bosom. I'll consent to nought till the keen badge of honour is my own.

Goodly. Take it, and act as nature and conscience shall direct. [*Gives the sword.*]

Wealthy. I detest compulsion to becoming deeds, and now I may oppose, I cheerfully submit. Oh, nephew! you I have wronged, and Harriot.—Alas! Harriot I have undone.

C

Goodly.

Goodly. You've reduced her to an appellation that strict delicacy should not utter: yet her situation is not beyond repair.

Wealthy. You have roused my feelings to a sense of honour, and I shall directly emulate your nice conception of justice. Be sweet, immaculate Priscilla thine, and mine the weeping Harriot. To-morrow's sun shall view the priest at altar, and seal the nuptial union. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. *the last, — An Apartment.*

Enter Galatea.

Galatea. Here he comes; the fright. When last I saw him, he grinned horribly, a ghastly smile. His assiduity to please, will be as severe a mortification as his brother's indifference or neglect. — But soft, he approaches.

Enter Voluit Junior.

Your most obliged; I wish your Lordship joy.

Voluit Junior. 'Tis you, sweet captivater! and only lovely you can confer it. And if I can be ambitious of any denomination, I must aspire to be numerated in the multitude of your most lowly admirers.

Galatea. Your brother, my Lord, requires your immediate attention. When family points are regularly discussed, a herald of my own sex shall give you safe conduct to a remoter scene of audience. [*Exit.*]

Voluit Junior. *Ten thousand hearts swell high within my bosom.* The blooming rosiate deity of love tickles each nerve with the downy plumage of his darts.

Enter Voluit Senior.

Darest thou to confront my presence! audacious wight!

Voluit Sen. Take back the title thou so well deservest to wear. Thy vile snare for honour and hereditaments I possibly might remit: But, ah! thy mean supplanting stratagem against my love, I will not, cannot brook.

Voluit Junior.

Voluit Junior. Ha! am I cozened there. Confusion blast the cunning of the sex! Well, Sir, you've triumphed here: take the deluding fair, and want and wretchedness be your only portion.

Voluit Senior. Hold, Sir, the tables are turned, and you are now my prisoner by rotation. Upon the execution of an ejection you are entirely your own master; and e'er now I hope my deceased father's mansion is cleared of a drove of pestilential insects, that suck the very blood of each industrious, yet starving member, who, on a proper encouragement, would prove himself a service as well as credit to the Britannic constitution.

Voluit Junior. There is but one remaining chance to determine it in my favour. By steel and skill we'll adjust it. [*They fight.*]

Enter Goodly and Nathaniel.

Goodly. Stop awhile. I have brought one that shall settle matters with propriety.

Voluit Junior. This is the infamous trepanner that kidnapped me abroad. [*Runs at Goodly, and Nathaniel catches his arms behind.*]

Nat. Confining a man's arms behind his back is the best way to prevent fighting.

Goodly. Here is a grey headed matron in durance vile, that will compromise affairs in an instant. [*Exit, and introduces Venter.*]

Nat. This is the huffey who tells lyes herself, and carries about papers that tell nothing but truth.

Goodly. Now, wretch, you may guess what you will undergo for your perfidy to Priscilla, if you clear not up the truth as to the birth-right of the two brothers.

Venter, crying. I hear confess that the son lately arrived from travel is the true and lawful inheritor.

Nat. How many folks tell truth when they fear a trimming for their lyes.

Voluit Junior. This is only the effect of fear, and not by any means firm or effectual in the unbiassed eye of the law.

Voluit Sen. But you gave her a promise, which is now in our possession, implying a settlement in any choice part of the estate, provided she would swear might and main to the legality of your right and title.

Nat. I never thought before that a pickpocket was ever cut out to serve his fellow-creatures.

Enter Galatea and Priscilla.

Galatea. I beg, Mr. Voluit, as I promised you another hearing, that you will tender me nothing indelicate.

Voluit Jun. Perdition prey upon each of your sex, independent of a whore or procuress.

Voluit Sen. Well, my amiable recluse, what monastery have you been lately hid in?

Priscilla. Oh, my Lord! a small space ago I would have exchanged my situation with any nun that had ever passed her time of probation. This constable has saved me from dishonour; and had he the least affinity to the name of a gentleman, I should take him for better and for worse, to have and to hold.

Goodly. I insist on the bargain. [*Discovers himself.*]

Priscilla. What, Goodly my brave deliverer!

Goodly. The same. Blush not, Priscilla, I caught you rather *degagée*, but you made against my uncle a very rigorous resistance. You must consent to the match or forfeit your reputation for veracity.

Priscilla. I'm so far limed I cannot get off the twig. If his Lordship and Galatea will lead the van to the shrine of wedlock, my consent shall not be wanting to bring up the rear.

Galatea. My Lord, we have secured Mr. Foist, who is the underhand comploter of all these mischievous designs.

Voluit Senior. For his head may there be allotted a semicircle in the pillory, and rotten eggs for his countenance.

Nat. And for Venter, may she have a fettered convict, and work with him on the river Thames.

Voluit Sen.

Voluit Sen. And for you, Mr. Voluit, infamy and contempt, and not with it the weight of a wafer.

Voluit Jun. With-hold, my Lord, your after clap of speech, I crave no other boon. *[Exit.]*

Voluit Sen. Well now, poor Nathaniel, what must I do for thee.

Nat. Put me into commission, and make me one of the Quorum.

Voluit Sen. Honest simpleton, thou knowest no use of letters or of ink.

Nat. No odds. I can take the qualifying oaths, and make my mark, and be thought wise at sessions barely by holding my tongue.

Voluit Sen. You shall be amply provided for. And from the perplexing incidents that have occurred in these variegated transactions, we may understand, that would man behave himself suitable to the dignity of his nature, fortune would at last yield to his uninterrupted efforts; and that the eligible road of virtue will alone conduct us to the never-fading rosiate bowers of established happiness. *[Exit omnes.]*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

*HIST! hist! good people now the Farce is o'er,
We fret our hour, and then are heard no more. Mack.
Who yearly write, and publish a new play,
To creep in petty pace from day to day. Mackbeth.
The publick slaves, who toil from youth to prime
To the last syllable of recorded time. Mackbeth.*

*Well, now the die is cast, I'll tempt my fate,
And stand prepar'd to meet the Critic's hate. Tamerlane.
But only beg, ere we to Grub-street trudge,
A candid jury and impartial judge.
Behold the pris'ner at the dreadful bar,
The seat of wrangling and of wordy war;
He to your favour makes but this pretence,
And thus his council sets up his defence.*

*If art and nature do not well combine,
But plodding dulness dozes o'er each line,
From biting censure grant him no release,
And bring your verdict in to crush the piece.*

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*But when each sentiment you understand,
If beauteous strokes confess a master's hand;
If various characters its price enhance,
And o'er the whole some fancy seems to glance:
Tho' no loud plaudits split the echoing room,
Let your acquittance seal his final doom.*

